

A QUALITY  
COMIC  
PUBLICATION

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

JUNE No. 5

10¢

160  
6

# KEN SHANNON

CRIME-BUSTING PRIVATE EYE

MILE HIGH MURDER

in

THE CASE OF THE  
CARNY KILLER!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIES

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,  
U. S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



## TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIES



### TWO-WAY COMMUNICATIONS:

Set consists of two (2) "transceivers" ready to hook up between any two points. No license needed! Simply attach wire coil (included with each set) to terminals on each Walkie Talkie. As easy to use as your telephone. You need not fear interference from buildings, walls, fences, trees, etc. Your Walkie Talkie will operate anywhere. Clear voice transmission guaranteed.

## RADIO RECEIVER AND INTERPHONE

### RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS:

Your Walkie Talkies can easily be converted to the broadcast band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver. The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter and aerial attachment only \$1.98 (Optional). Sets are rugged and engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed — or your money refunded in full.



## RADIO BROADCASTING



### BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO:

Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends — plan your own radio programs and announcements.

## 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

NORTHEAST SALES CO., DEPT. W-12 Send check, cash or M.O.  
1197 McCarter Highway, Newark, N. J.

- ☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units \_\_\_\_\_ Price \$3.49
- ☐ Send complete Walkie Talkies plus adapter and aerial \_\_\_\_\_ Price \$5.47
- ☐ Full payment enclosed. Rush order post-paid
- ☐ \$1 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Certificate of Guarantee

If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

TWO-WAY  
WALKIE TALKIES  
only

**\$3.49**  
postpaid

2 SETS  
COMPLETE

NORTHEAST SALES CO., DEPT. W-12  
1197 McCarter Highway, Newark, N. J.



# KEN Shannon

FOR A GUY WHO HAS BEEN SHOT AT, SLUGGED, AND USED AS A TARGET FOR STILETTO PRACTICE, YOU'D THINK I'D FIND A STREET CARNIVAL TOO TAME TO BE AMUSING!

BUT I GET THE COLD SHIVERS AT THE THOUGHT OF A FERRIS WHEEL AND EVEN CALIOPE MUSIC FROM A MERRY-GO-ROUND MAKES MY HAIR STAND ON END! MAYBE YOU'LL KNOW WHY ONCE YOU'VE READ ABOUT *The* CASE OF THE CARNY KILLER!



BULL ROSCOE



HE BRAGGED THAT HE COULD SNAP A MAN'S NECK WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND HIM! I DIDN'T ARGUE THE POINT!

SHERWIN CROWLEY



THE DOMESTIC TYPE! HE WANTED A WIFE... SOMEONE ELSE'S!

WENDY LAMBERT



WHEN SHE DECIDED TO TAKE A MAN FOR A RIDE... HE USUALLY FELL, BUT HARD!

SWAMI BWANANDA



HE COULD PREDICT THE FUTURE, BUT SOMEONE WAS INTERESTED IN HIS PAST!



# KEN SHANNON

My SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON WAS TRYING TO GET ME OVER A CASE OF JITTERS WHEN THE CARNY CASE PRACTICALLY FELL INTO MY LAP!

THAT LAMONDE CASE WOULD HAVE GIVEN ANYBODY THE JUMPS, KEN! BUT NOW THAT'S ALL OVER WITH AND YOU'VE GOT TO RELAX!

OH, SURE! ME FOR A THREE-MONTH MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE! MEANWHILE, WHO PAYS THE OFFICE RENT?



BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE TIME OUT FOR FUN, KEN! YOU... NOW TAKE THAT, F'INSTANCE!

A CARNIVAL! OHHH, NO!



LOOK, SUGARPUSS, I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO HAVE MY WEIGHT GUESSED AND I HATE PLASTIC KEWPIE DOLLS! BESIDES THEY'RE CLOSING UP SOON!

C'MON, IF WE HURRY, WE CAN STILL SEE THE TOWN FROM THE FERRIS WHEEL!



AS USUAL, DEE DEE HAD HER WAY!

DOESN'T THIS MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A KID? AND WE HAVE THE PLACE ALMOST TO OURSELVES!

YEAH! EXCEPT FOR THAT!



LEAVE IT TO MY KENNY BOY TO FIND A BLONDE TO OGLE!

I'M NOT OGGLING, I'M LISTENING! CLAMP THOSE RUBY LIPS OF YOURS TOGETHER FOR A MINUTE!



EAVES-DROPPING IS SECOND NATURE WITH A PRIVATE EYE... AND I'VE GOT EARS LIKE A GERMAN SHEPHERD, SO...

WILL YOU STOP LOOKIN' LIKE AN UNDERTAKER AN' TELL ME WHAT'S EATIN' AT YOU? WHAT'S WRONG, GIL?



I DIDN'T HEAR MUCH, BUT A MINUTE LATER I SAW PLENTY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? UP HERE YOU FORGET ALL ABOUT... KEN! THAT MAN!

SIT DOWN, YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU'LL...



EEEEK!

DON'T LOOK, HONEY! THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE PRETTY!





OF COURSE THEY STOPPED THE RIDE AND DEE DEE, INSTEAD OF GOING TO PIECES, HURRIED OVER TO CALM THE HYSTERICAL BLONDE!



MY HUSBAND! SOBE I TRIED TO STOP HIM BUT HE... OH, I CAN'T STAND IT!

WE'D BETTER FIND OUT WHERE SHE LIVES AND GET HER AWAY FROM HERE, DEE DEE!

SHE'S RIGHT AT HOME NOW, MISTER! THE GUY'S GIL LAMBERT... RAN A PHOTO CONCESSION HERE! WENDY'S IN THE GIRL SHOW!

THAT'S ODD! WHY WOULD A CARNIVAL EMPLOYEE WANT TO GO FOR A FERRIS WHEEL RIDE?



BEATS ME, BUT HE DID IT EVERY NIGHT! GIL LAMBERT WAS A PECULIAR CHARACTER!

SHE LIVES IN ONE OF THOSE TRAILERS AT THE END OF THE LOT, KEN! I'LL TRY TO FIND SOME SEDATIVES AND GET HER TO BED!



GOOD GIRL, DEE DEE! I'LL MEET YOU THERE IN A MINUTE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAR OFF THE GROUNDS, FOLKS! THE SHOW'S CLOSED!



LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE SHOW JUST BEGAN!

IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER, BROTHER! WE'VE HAD A BAD ACCIDENT AND I WANT EVERYONE WHO ISN'T EMPLOYED HERE OFF THE LOT, BUT RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T USUALLY FLASH MY BADGE, BUT SOMETHING TOLD ME THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME! IT WAS!

YOU... YOU'RE A DETECTIVE!

THAT'S GOOD! NOW BEFORE YOU TRY FOR THIRTY-TWO DOLLARS, MY NAME IS KEN SHANNON AND I'M A VERY CURIOUS GUY!



LOOK, I... I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU! SHERWIN CROWLEY'S MY NAME... I RUN THE SHOW!

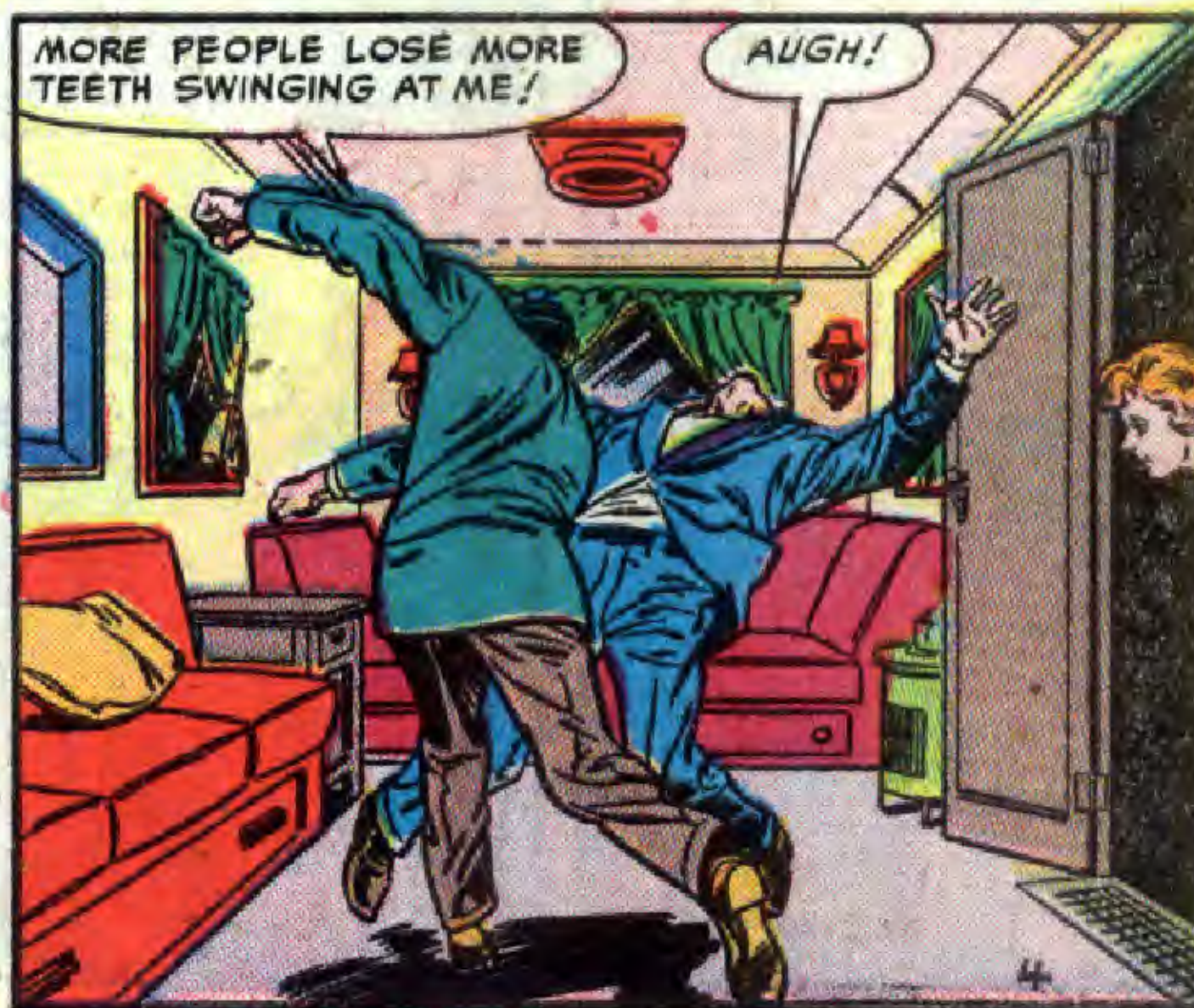
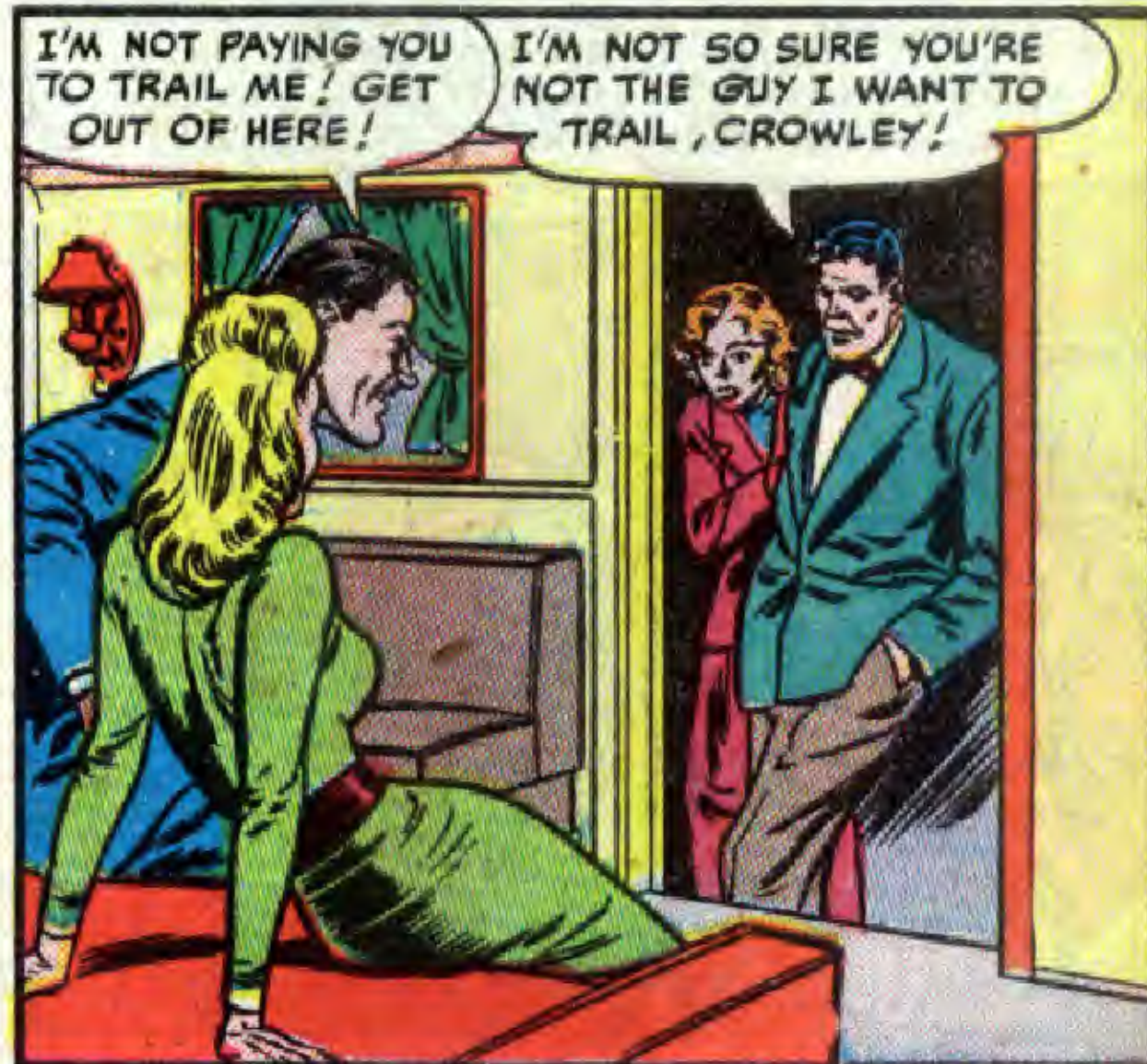
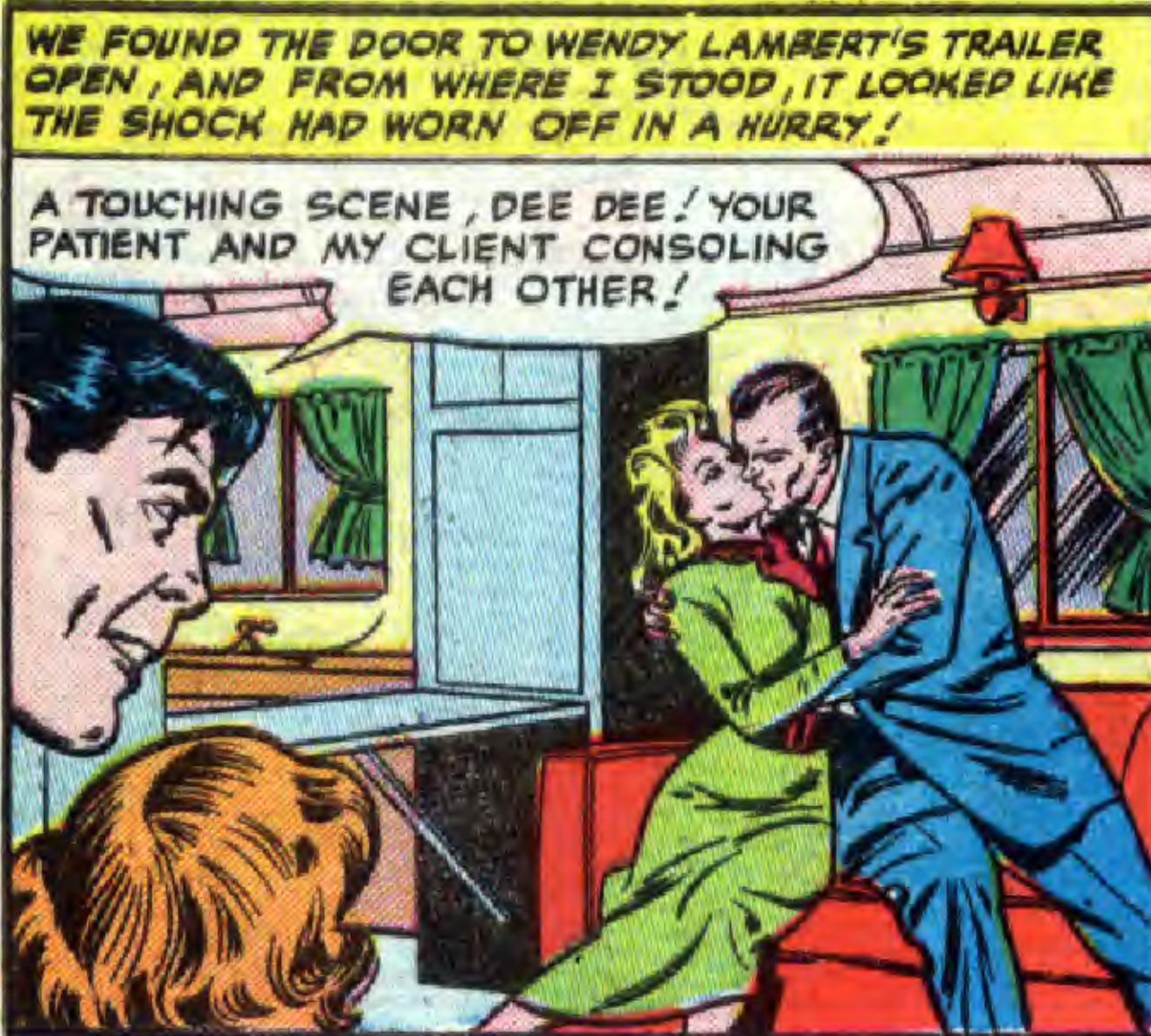
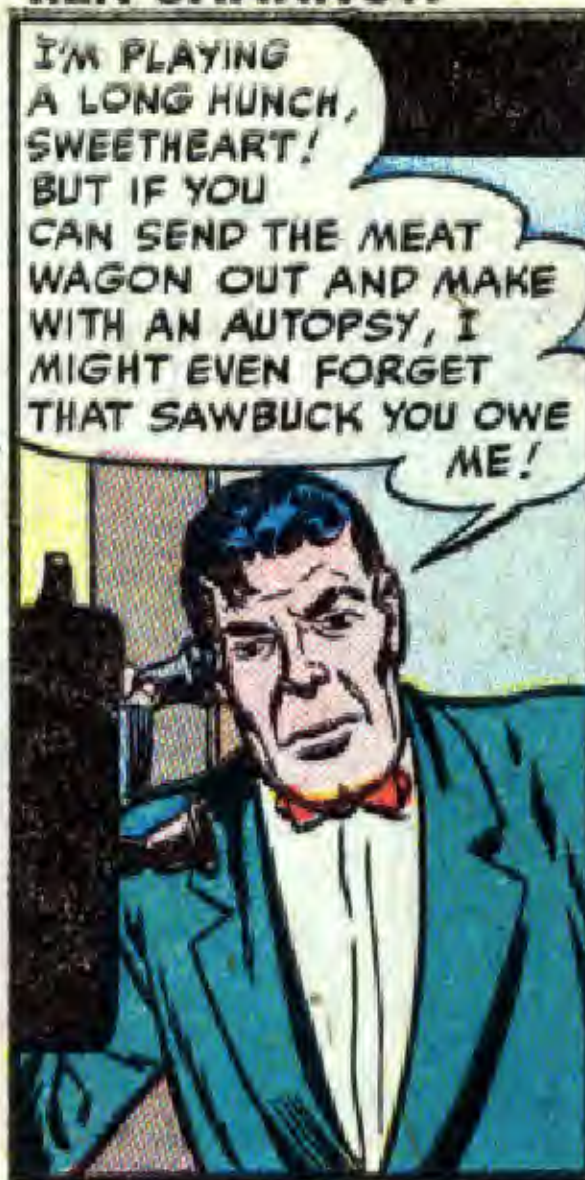
BUT YOU DIDN'T BOOK THE HIGH-DIVE ACT WE SAW TONIGHT AND YOU'VE GOT A NOTION IT SMELLS, RIGHT?



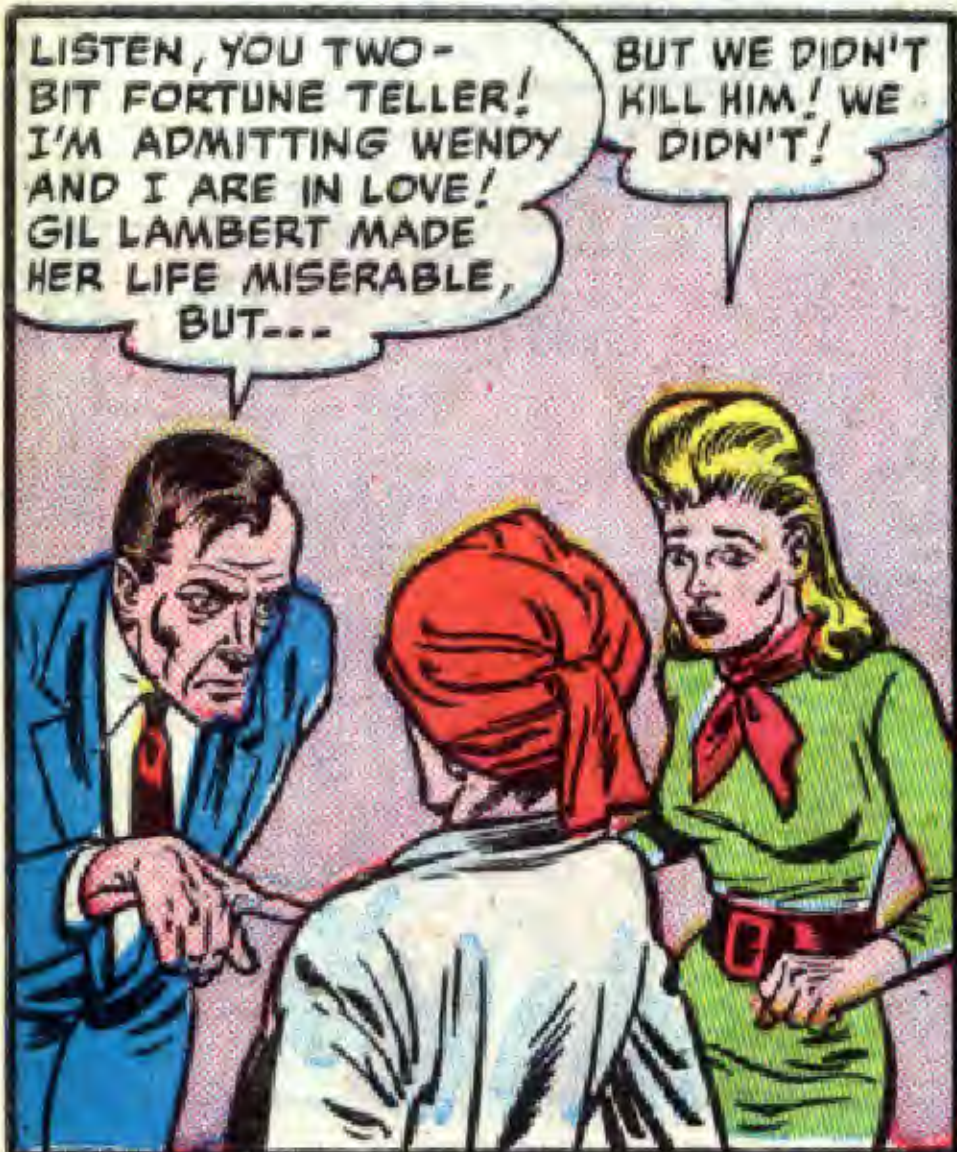




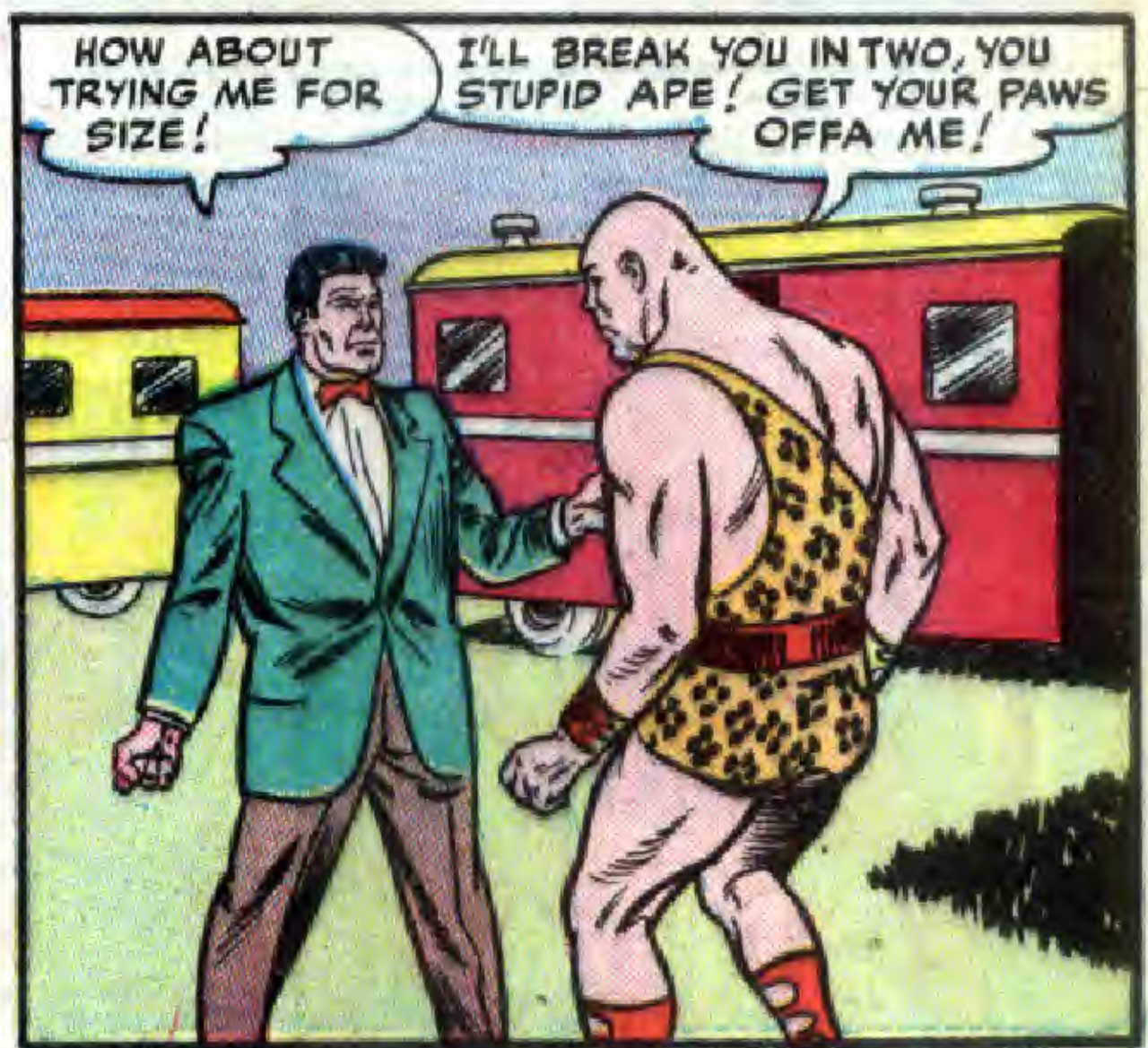
SO I HAD A CLIENT, BUT DID I HAVE A CLUE? I SHOOK OFF CROWLEY AND CALLED MY PAL, LT. ART CLYDE AT HOMI-CIDE FROM THE NEAREST DRUG STORE!









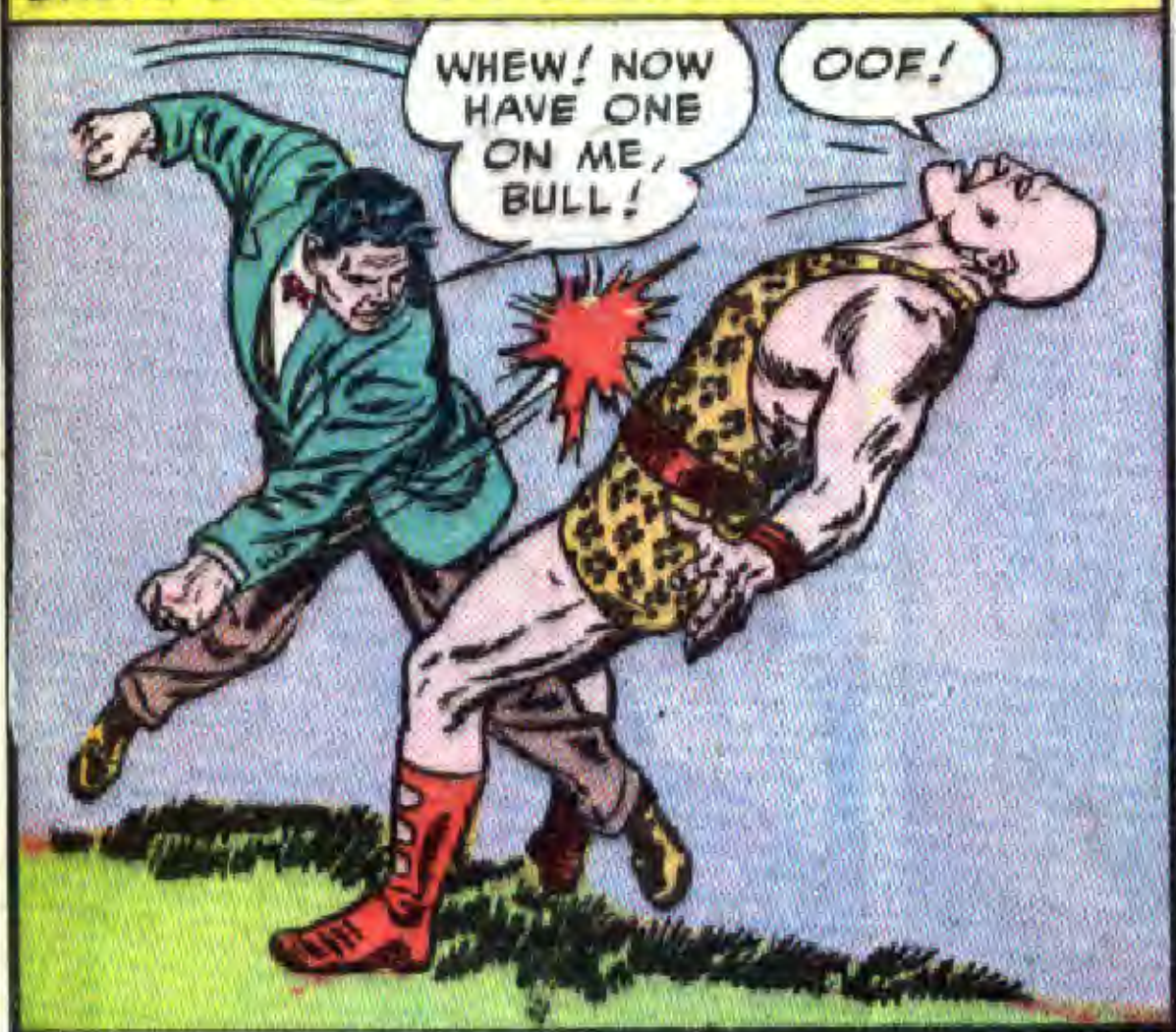


*What A SAPI WAS! PLAYING SIR LAUNCELOT AND TACKLING A PROFESSIONAL BONE-CRUSHER! I FELT MYSELF BLACKING OUT AS THOSE POWERFUL ARMS SQUEEZED THE BREATH OUT OF ME!*





There WAS ONLY ONE LEFT IN ME AND AS I BROKE LOOSE I LET BULL ROSCOE HAVE IT!



NICE GUY, THE SWAMI! I TAKE OVER HIS BATTLE AND HE TAKES A POWDER! I SHOULD HAVE... DEE DEE!



IF SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER, I'LL TEAR THIS PLACE APART WITH MY HANDS!



I...I HEARD A NOISE AND THEN... HURRY! SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

DEE DEE! WHAT HAPPENED, HONEY?



SHE'S BEEN HIT ON THE HEAD! SOMEONE'S RAN-SACKED THAT TRUNK!

MY HUSBAND'S SCRAPBOOK! IT...IT'S GONE!



WHAT WAS IN THAT BOOK? WHY WOULD ANY-BODY WANT TO...

SHANNON, QUICK! SOME-BODY'S STUCK A KNIFE INTO BULL ROSCOE!



IT COULD HAVE BEEN A TRICK TO GET ME OUT OF THE TRAILER, BUT I PLAYED ANOTHER LONGSHOT!

I WAS ON MY WAY HERE WHEN I SAW HIM! HE'S LYING BEHIND THE COOKHOUSE!

YOU COME WITH ME, CROWLEY! USE THIS IF YOU GET ANOTHER VISITOR, WENDY... AND DON'T LEAVE, UNDER- STAND?

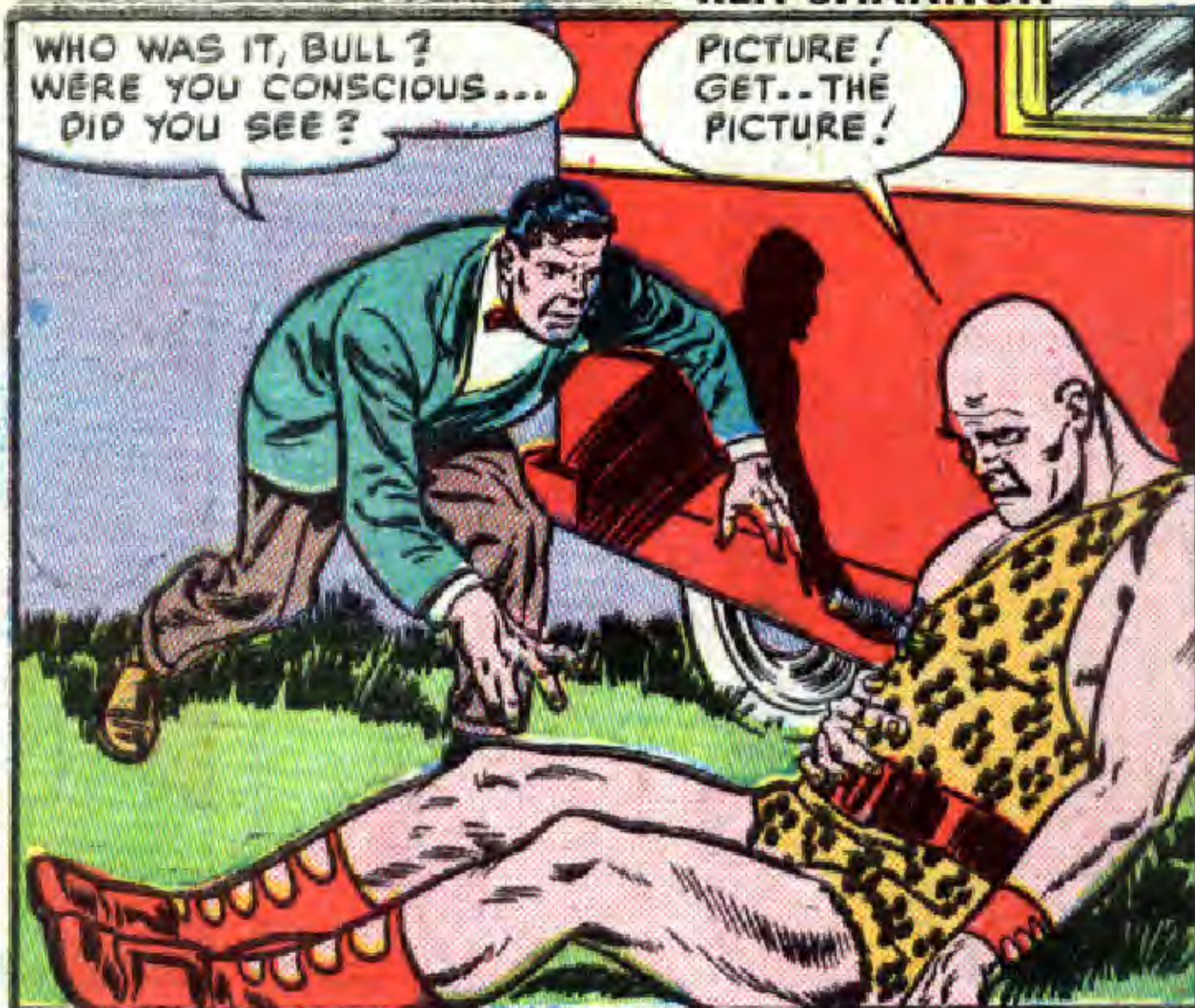




BULL WAS LYING EXACTLY WHERE I LEFT HIM, BUT SOMEONE HAD TAKEN UP WHERE I LEFT OFF! THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS, THEY HADN'T KILLED HIM QUITE DEAD ENOUGH!

WHO WAS IT, BULL? WERE YOU CONSCIOUS... DID YOU SEE?

PICTURE! GET... THE PICTURE!



WHAT PICTURE, BULL? TELL ME AND I'LL GET THE RAT WHO DID THIS!

I... SAW IT ONCE... GIL LAMBERT'S SCRAP-BOOK! DON'T LET... GET... UHHH!



HE'S FINISHED! AND HE'D STILL BE ALIVE IF I HADN'T PAVED THE WAY FOR HIS MURDERER!

WHOEVER DID IT, WANTED A PHOTO IN GIL LAMBERT'S SCRAPBOOK! HE KEPT IT LOCKED IN THAT TRUNK SINCE HE JOINED MY SHOW!



EXCEPT WHAT?

THIS AFTERNOON I HEARD HIM TELLING THE SWAMI HE'D SELL HIM THE BOOK FOR TEN GRAND... IF HE ACTED FAST!



I KNOW THE SWAMI'S GOT DOUGH, BUT I FIGURED IT WAS A GAG! STILL IT WAS FUNNY THE WAY THEY BOTH CLAMMED UP WHEN THEY SAW ME!

THAT WAS THIS AFTER-NOON?



YEAH! THEY WERE HAVING COFFEE IN THE SWAMI'S TRAILER! SEEMS TO ME THEY WERE MEETING A LOT LATELY!

BULL KNEW ABOUT A PICTURE! GIL LAMBERT RAN A PHOTO CON-CESSION! IT BEGINS TO JELL!



TWO GUYS IN LOVE WITH LAMBERT'S WIFE! LAMBERT DOES A SWAN DIVE, ONE OF THE LOVER-BOYS STOPS A KNIFE! IF IT'S A LOVE MOTIVE, CROWLEY, YOU'RE MY MAN! BUT IF...

MR. SHANNON! SHE CAME TO! I... I COULDN'T STOP HER!



DEE DEE!

SHE TOOK YOUR GUN AND SAID SHE KNEW WHERE TO FIND THE KILLER! SHE'S GONE!



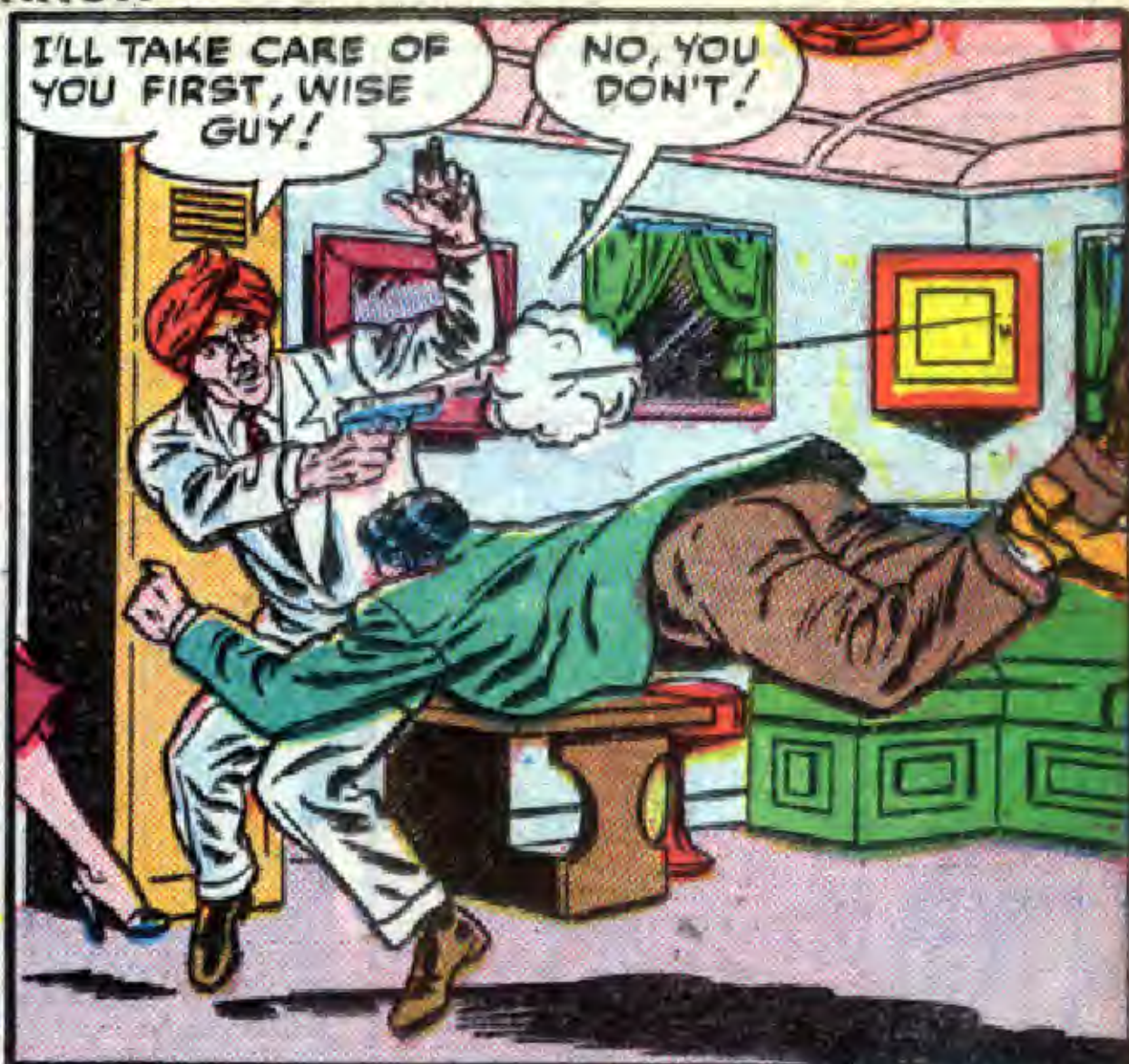


IT DIDN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO FIGURE OUT WHERE DEE DEE HAD GONE! BUT IT TOOK A HOTHEAD LIKE ME TO RUSH INTO THE SWAMI'S TRAILER UNARMED!



YOU'RE TOO SMART, SISTER! TOO SMART TO LIVE!

KEN! HE GOT THE GUN AWAY FROM ME! HE...



I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FIRST, WISE GUY!

NO, YOU DON'T!



YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR ONE EVENING, SWAMI!

YOU....!



THOSE CLIPPINGS, KEN! AND THE PICTURE! HE WAS READY TO BURN THEM WHEN I CAME IN!

SO THAT WAS LAMBERT'S GAME, EH? A SHAKEDOWN!



ACCORDING TO THIS, JOE REAR-DON, ALIAS SWAMI BWANANDA, WAS CLEARED OF A MURDER CHARGE TEN YEARS AGO BECAUSE HE HAD A FOOLPROOF ALIBI!

SO WHAT, SHANNON? I WASN'T EVEN NEAR THE CARNIVAL LOT WHEN THAT CASHIER GOT KILLED! IT WAS A STICKUP!



YOU PROVED YOU WEREN'T THERE, BUT GIL LAMBERT ACCIDENTALLY CAUGHT YOU IN A PICTURE THAT PROVES YOU WERE! WHEN HE JOINED THIS SHOW AND RECOGNIZED YOU, AFTER TEN YEARS, HE HAD PERFECT MATERIAL FOR BLACKMAIL! LOOK, DEE DEE!



WHY, THAT'S THE SWAMI IN THE BACKGROUND! AND THE DATE CLINCHES IT!



LAMBERT COULD HAVE BURNED YOU WITH THIS, SO YOU SPIKED HIS COFFEE WITH A SLOW-ACTING POISON!

CLEVER, EH? THE SAP ENDED UP EVERY DAY WITH THAT FERRIS WHEEL RIDE! IF YOU HADN'T NOSED IN, IT WOULD HAVE PASSED AS AN ACCIDENT!





PERFECT! EXCEPT THAT BULL KNEW ABOUT THIS PICTURE AND HE WAS TOO CRAZY ABOUT WENDY TO LET YOU PIN IT ON HER OR ON CROWLEY!

AS I SAID, SHANNON, YOU'RE SMART...



BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH!

HEY!



HIS KICK KNOCKED THE GUN OUT OF MY HAND AND IN THE SAME INSTANT HE FLICKED THE LIGHT SWITCH! THERE WAS A SCRAMBLE FOR THE GUN AND THEN...

KEN! HE GOT AWAY!

AND THE MURDERING RAT HAS MY GUN!



KEN! COME BACK HERE! HE'LL KILL YOU!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, DEE DEE! NOBODY'S SAFE WITH THAT MANIAC LOOSE!

MOST OF THE CARNIVAL LIGHTS WERE OUT, BUT I SAW HIM HEAD FOR THE MID-WAY! MAYBE HE FIGURED HE COULD HIDE IN ONE OF THE TOP FERRIS WHEEL CARS AND THROW ME OFF TRAIL BECAUSE...



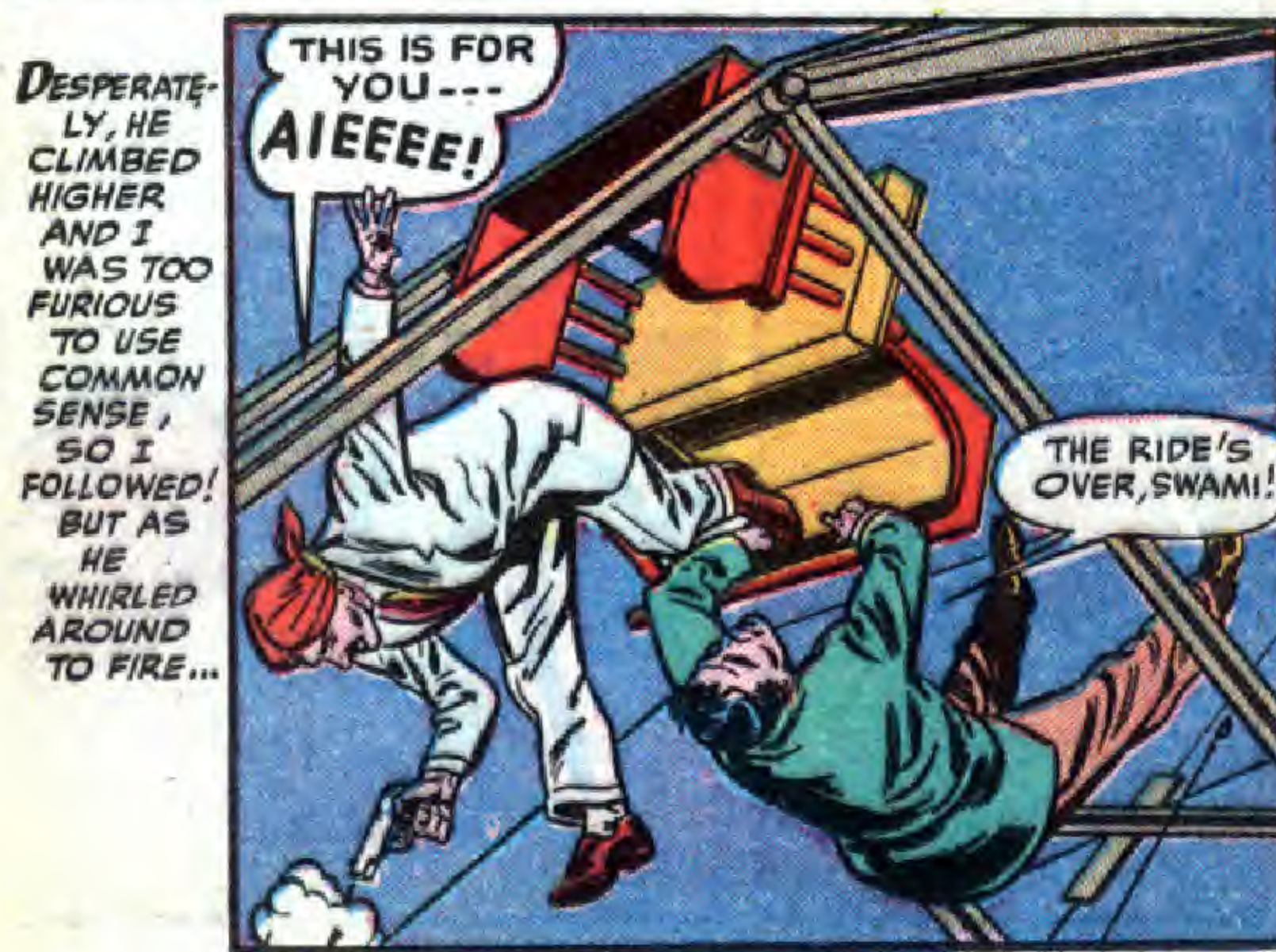
HE WON'T DARE FIRE AND EXPOSE HIMSELF! I'M GOING AFTER THAT VERMIN!

GET BACK TO THE TRAILER, SHANNON! START WALKING OR YOU'LL GET IT LIKE THE OTHERS!



YOU'RE THROUGH, SWAMI! YOU'RE... UH!

MAYBE I AM, COPPER, BUT I'M NOT CHECKING OUT ALONE!



THIS IS FOR YOU... AIEEEE!

DESPERATELY, HE CLIMBED HIGHER AND I WAS TOO FURIOUS TO USE COMMON SENSE, SO I FOLLOWED! BUT AS HE WHIRLED AROUND TO FIRE...

THE RIDE'S OVER, SWAMI!



AND AFTER ART CLYDE'S BOYS HAD TAKEN OVER...

TELL HIM, ART! HE'S GOT TO TAKE TIME OUT FOR RECREATION AFTER A NERVE-WRACKING CASE LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, ANGEL! BUT I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS ABOUT RECREATION... AND I DON'T MEAN RIDING ON A FERRIS WHEEL!



FROM A DUSTY, CENTURIES-OLD TOMB ROSE

# **THE GOLDEN MUMMY!**

WORD OF HIS RETURN SWEEPED LIKE THE FLAME OF  
**REBELLION AND TERROR** THROUGHOUT  
THE HILLS WHERE HIS VERY MEMORY WAS REVERED!

HERE IS A STRANGE AND  
VIOLENT **BLACKHAWK**  
STORY THAT WILL KEEP  
YOU IN **SUSPENSE**  
FROM THE FIRST TO  
THE LAST WORD!

**DON'T  
MISS IT!!!**

• • • • •

*Also in this issue-*  
**DEATH'S COMET**  
**DISASTER ISLAND**



*Watch for* **BLACKHAWK!** *Ask for it!*

**THIS ISSUE GOES ON SALE MARCH 21st . . . . .**





WE FIND ANGLES, AS USUAL, IN POPO'S POOL PARLOR, AS USUAL, PLOPPED IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR, AND AS USUAL, SNORING UP THE JOINT...

OH! MY EAR DRUMS! — POPO, CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT-THAT STEAM CALLIOPE?

O-X-M —!! O'DAY!! WAKE UP! YOU'RE CRACKING THE PLASTER, YET!

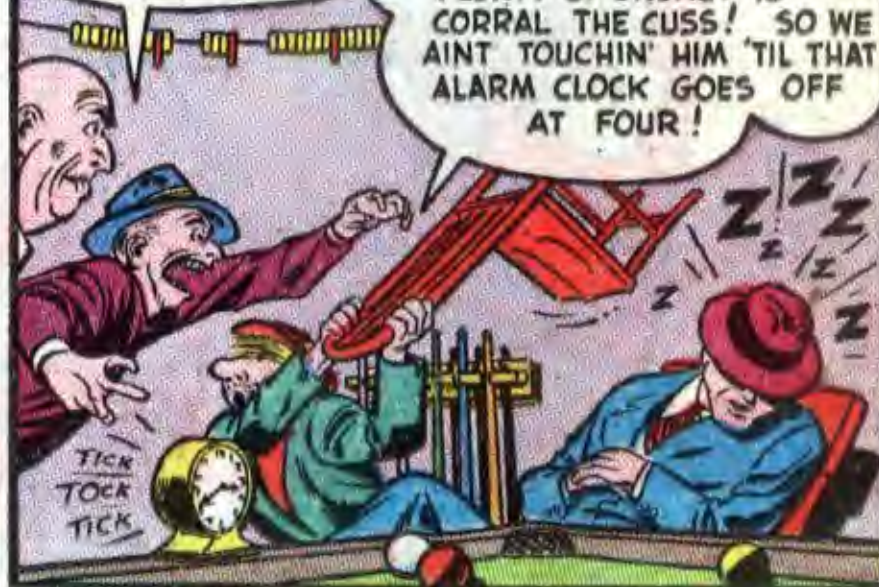
GIMME A MATCH, LUNKY! I'LL FIX HIM!

OH, NO! NO HOT-FOOTS! HE TOLD ME TO SEE THAT HE AINT DISTURBED FOR AN HOUR!



AN HOUR? HE'S SNORED THROUGH FOUR MEALS ALREADY! WE'D BETTER ROUSE HIM BEFORE HE STARVES TO DEATH!

ALL RIGHT, SID-LUNKY-KNOCK OFF! ANGLES IS STORING UP STRENGTH FOR A NEW CASE! SOME THUG IS TERRORIZING THE LOCAL MERCHANTS AND HE'LL NEED PLENTY OF ENERGY TO CORRAL THE CUSS! SO WE AINT TOUCHIN' HIM 'TIL THAT ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF AT FOUR!

















# Ken Shannon

HE SAID HIS NAME WAS HOMER LANGMAN --- BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO PROVE IT! ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL STATISTICS, HE DIDN'T EVEN EXIST! WHEN I GOT THE JOB OF POKING INTO THIS CHARACTER'S PAST TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT HIM, I DIDN'T DREAM HOW DANGEROUS IT WOULD BE TO ENQUIRE ABOUT...  
**The MAN from NOWHERE!**



**HOMER LANGMAN**  
 THE LITTLE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE!

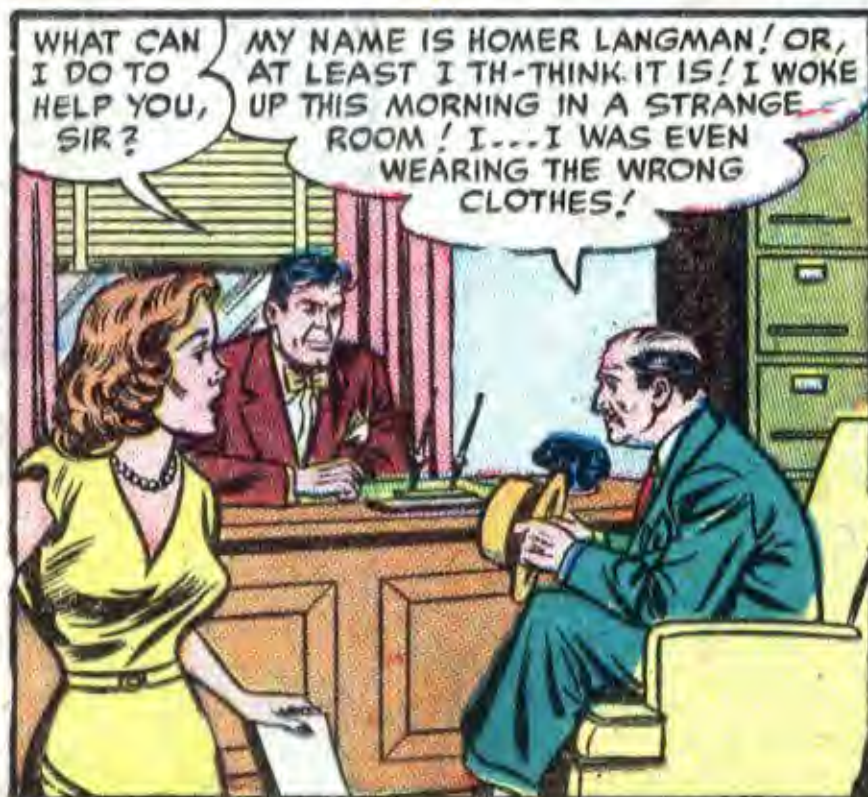


**ESTELLE**  
 SHE DIDN'T WANT STRANGE LITTLE MEN BUTTING INTO HER AFFAIRS!



**VICTOR JORR**  
 A LEGAL EAGLE, WHO KNEW HOW TO PROTECT HIS CLIENTS... ESPECIALLY THE FEMALES!

**I** SPOTTED THIS CHARACTER FOR THE SKY TYPE THE MINUTE HE WALKED INTO MY OFFICE! HE LOOKED LIKE HE'D MELT INTO THE WOODWORK IF I RAISED MY VOICE ABOVE A WHISPER!



WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP YOU, SIR?

MY NAME IS HOMER LANGMAN! OR, AT LEAST I TH-THINK IT IS! I WOKE UP THIS MORNING IN A STRANGE ROOM! I... I WAS EVEN WEARING THE WRONG CLOTHES!

FRANKLY, I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW I GOT THERE! OR... OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME IN THE LAST FEW DAYS!

HMMM! SOUNDS LIKE A HANGOVER --- EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE NOT THE HANGOVER TYPE!







I'VE HANDLED PLENTY OF SCREWY CASES! THIS RANKED RIGHT UP THERE IN THE BIG LEAGUES WITH THE BATTIEST OF THEM ALL! BUT THIS LOONEY CHARACTER FLASHED REAL MONEY AT ME, SO I DECIDED TO HUMOR HIM ALONG!







BUT I'M NOT HARRY BAGLEY!  
I SWEAR MY NAME IS HOMER  
LANGMAN! I OWN A DRY-  
GOODS STORE AT 17-14  
ELOMONT AVENUE!

HUH? WHY DIDN'T  
YOU SAY SO IN THE  
FIRST PLACE?



THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING! WE'LL  
GET TO THE BOTTOM OF  
THIS!

STRANGE,  
HOW FOLKS  
GET CON-  
FUSED WHEN  
SOMETHING  
UNUSUAL  
HAPPENS TO  
THEM! HOMER  
LANGMAN  
HADN'T EVEN  
THOUGHT OF  
CHECKING IN AT  
HIS PLACE OF  
BUSINESS!  
BUT WE BOTH  
HAD A  
SHOCK  
WAITING FOR  
US WHEN WE  
GOT  
THERE!



DOESN'T LOOK MUCH  
LIKE A DRY GOODS  
STORE TO ME!

TH-THIS CAN'T  
BE THE RIGHT  
ADDRESS!



THIS IS ELOMONT AVENUE, ALL RIGHT!  
GOT ANY OTHER IDEAS?

I-I MUST BE  
GOING CRAZY! I LEFT  
MY STORE LAST NIGHT! IT  
CAN'T HAVE MOVED AWAY  
SINCE THEN!

By  
THEN I  
WAS MORE  
THAN A  
LITTLE  
CONVINCED  
THAT  
HOMER  
WAS OFF  
HIS  
ROCKER!  
JUST THE  
SAME, HE  
WAS A  
PAYING  
CLIENT,  
SO I  
WENT  
THROUGH  
THE  
MOTIONS!



THE JOINT IS CLOSED,  
MISTER! NO MORE  
CUSTOMERS!



WE'RE ONLY LOOKING  
AROUND! MY FRIEND  
HERE THINKS HE KNOWS  
THIS PLACE!  
SO NOW  
TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
MY CHEST!

BEAT IT,  
MONKEY-  
FACE,  
BEFORE I  
GET MAD!



THE MUG WANTED TO PLAY  
ROUGH! WHEN HE STUCK OUT  
HIS JAW AT ME, I PUSHED IT  
BACK WHERE IT BELONGED!

WHOP!





*That WAS THE DEVIL OF IT! WACKY AS HOMER'S STORY SOUNDED, I COULDN'T HELP BELIEVING HE WAS SINCERE!*





IF ANYONE CAN IDENTIFY YOU, IT'S YOUR WIFE! SHE MAY BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU WOKE UP

I-I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY ESTELLE! SHE'S A VERY NERVOUS WOMAN!

IN THAT FURNISHED ROOM WEARING ANOTHER MAN'S CLOTHES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER I PULLED UP IN FRONT OF THE ADDRESS HOMER HAD GIVEN ME...

YOU MEAN THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE?



NOT THAT I'D OBJECT TO TAKING UP PERMANENT RESIDENCE NEAR THAT HOOTCH DANCER! SHE'S REALLY BUILT!

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THIS IS MY HOME ADDRESS! I--I ONLY LEFT IT YESTERDAY MORNING!



HOW COULD YOU TEAR YOURSELF AWAY?

IT WAS A TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE, WITH A GARDEN! I REMEMBER ESTELLE AT THE DOOR, WAVING TO ME WHEN I LEFT IT!



Then HOMER BROKE DOWN AND STARTED TO CRY! I KNEW HOW HE MUST FEEL, THE CRAZY LITTLE MAN! THE WORLD HE KNEW HAD COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED --LEAVING NOT A CLUE BEHIND!

T-THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO EXPLAIN ALL THIS! I'M NOT INSANE, AM I? TELL ME THE TRUTH, MR. SHANNON!

I WISH I COULD!



NOTHING YOU'VE SAID SO FAR ADDS UP! THERE ARE PLENTY OF WITNESSES WILLING TO TESTIFY THAT YOU'RE HARRY BAGLEY! BUT NOBODY HAS EVER HEARD OF HOMER LANGMAN! HIS HOME AND HIS BUSINESS DON'T EVEN EXIST!



THEN I GOT ANOTHER IDEA! I LOOKED UP HOMER LANGMAN IN THE PHONE DIRECTORY...

NO DICE, HOMER! YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTED! AND NEITHER IS YOUR WIFE!

HOW ABOUT MY LAWYER? H-HIS NAME IS VICTOR JORR, AND HE'S MY BEST FRIEND!





THAT TIME WE HIT THE JACKPOT! VICTOR JORR WAS LISTED IN THE PHONE BOOK! NOT MANY MINUTES LATER I WAS LEANING AGAINST THE DOORBELL OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE... BUT IT WASN'T VICTOR JORR WHO ANSWERED...

ESTELLE!

I-I BEG YOUR PARDON! I DON'T BELIEVE I'VE EVER SEEN YOU BEFORE!

ESTELLE! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT? IT'S ME, HOMER... YOUR HUSBAND! I ONLY LEFT YOU A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO IS THIS MAN?

TH-THAT'S VICTOR JORR... MY LAWYER! BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ME EITHER! WHAT'S WRONG, MR. SHANNON?

SUPPOSE YOU CARRY THE BALL FROM HERE, MR. JORR!



WELL, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT VICTOR JORR DID A SMOOTH, PERSUASIVE JOB... ONCE HE UNDERSTOOD THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CASE! IT SEEMS HE AND HIS WIFE, ESTELLE, HAD BEEN BOTHERED BY LETTERS FROM AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER OF HIS WIFE... A MAN WHO SIGNED HIMSELF HOMER LANGMAN!

I THINK HOMER LANGMAN IS A COMPLETELY FICTITIOUS PERSON! HE'S MERELY THE CREATION OF THIS FELLOW'S DISORDERED MIND! PERHAPS HE ASSUMED THAT IDENTITY IN ORDER TO CONVINCE HIMSELF HE WAS MARRIED TO MY WIFE!

SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE! BUT CAN YOU PROVE IT?

THESE ARE PICTURES OF MY WEDDING, MR. SHANNON! THEY WERE TAKEN FOUR YEARS AGO! I HAVE NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ALSO!

I'M CONVINCED! NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO DO BUT ESCORT HARRY BAGLEY... ALIAS HOMER LANGMAN... TO THE PSYCHO WARD!

THAT WAS THAT... EXCEPT FOR ONE OF THOSE FAMILIAR TWISTS OF FATE! A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FELL OUT OF THE ALBUM, AND I REACHED IT JUST A SECOND BEFORE VICTOR JORR!

HMM! AN ITEM ABOUT A NEARLY DROWNED MAN WHO WAS RESCUED FROM THE RIVER, SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA!









KEN SHANNON

# The MAD MAN

**T**HE idea of spending the rest of his entire life in prison was suffocating to Al Baylor. The more he looked at the four walls of his tiny cell, the tighter they became. Day by day, they closed in on him more. They seemed to work their way in by inches, closer and closer. The ceiling came lower and lower. Prison was no place for a man with claustrophobia.

Baylor had killed a man and been given a life sentence. Judge Freeman had put him where he was and he hated that judge more than he had ever hated anyone in his whole life. One thought kept going through his mind.

"I'm going to get out of here. I'm going to escape. I'll find Judge Freeman and I'll kill him. Revenge will be good."

The walls and ceiling kept crowding in until the cell was smaller and smaller. And the idea of revenge grew in Al Baylor's mind. He started tunnelling from his cell, using a spoon that he had stolen from the dining room. He toiled and worked when no one was around. During the day, he replaced the pieces of cement that he had taken from the floor.

Months passed. But what were months compared to years? To a lifetime? Each night, he dug with the spoon like a mole in the darkness. If he was caught or if he didn't make it, what did he have to lose?

It took two years to get through to the outside. And when he came up on the outside and realized that he was free, he ran as fast as he could to get away before his escape was discovered. The air was fresh and the dew on the grass was good. Being out-of-doors and away from those tight walls was great and he wanted to enjoy it but he couldn't. He was still cramped, in his mind, with the feeling of hatred for Judge Freeman. "I'll get him," he muttered to himself, if it's the last thing I do. He put me where I was. I'll get even."

He held up a man to get different clothes. He went to the city where he had lived and been convicted. He walked the streets and watched the people and went to old haunts and liked the freedom of it. He went to movies and the amusement park because those were things he had liked before. Then he looked in the telephone book for the name of Judge Freeman. He found the name and address. It was 233 Oak Street.

"233 Oak Street," repeated Al Baylor to himself. "233 Oak Street. Oak Street. Oak Street. I have to remember that."

He held up a gas station and got enough

money to keep him going for a while. "What do I care?" he thought. "If they catch me, I just go back to stir. My sentence is for life anyway so they can't extend it."

He enjoyed himself for a while. He read in the papers about his prison escape and saw the posters with his picture in the post office. But nobody noticed him, a plain little man and well dressed. Besides, he had shaved off his moustache. Everything was all right except inside. He held that hatred for Freeman. That was something he had to take care of.

"233 Oak Street," he said to himself. "Or was it 332 Oak Street? I know it was Oak Street. Sure, it was 332."

"332," he kept repeating to himself. "332 Oak Street. Judge Freeman. I'm out to get him."

And that night, a man climbed through a window at 332 Oak Street with a gun in his hand and murdered a man and wife while they slept. But it wasn't Judge Freeman. The police were soon on the trail of the murderer. And Al Baylor was brought into court.

"Sure, I did it," he admitted. "Judge Freeman sent me up for life. I hated him and I couldn't stand that cell."

"You won't have to be in it again," said Judge Freeman as he entered the courtroom. Al Baylor stared.

"But I killed you," he said.

"You got the wrong house, Baylor," explained the Judge. "You murdered two innocent people that you didn't even know."

"Then put me in the electric chair," screamed Baylor. "Don't send me back to the cell."

"We won't," replied the Judge. "We're going to put you in an institution where you belong. You're a mad man."

So Baylor sat in a cell again and the walls came closer and closer and the ceiling seemed to be falling on his head. People screamed and cried near him and he was forced to listen.

"I'm not a mad man," he said to himself, "but I will be before I ever get out of here."

And then, as the attendant pushed food to him through the bars, he thought, "I wanted revenge but I got the wrong people. I murdered innocent people. I got things mixed up."

Shortly after that, the hospital doctor put Al Baylor into solitary confinement. He was, truly, a mad man.



# KEN SHANNON

DR. CHARLES ROSS WAS A PSYCHIATRIST... A FANCY NAME ENTITLING HIM TO CHARGE FEES THAT WOULD BANKRUPT AN OIL TYCOON! HE SPECIALIZED IN TREATING THE MENTALLY DISTURBED... AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM, AS I DISCOVERED WHEN I DUG INTO HIS CASE HISTORY FILES IN SEARCH OF THE MAN WHO CHANGED THE M.D. AFTER ROSS'S NAME TO A D.D.... MEANING...

**Doctor of Death!**



BARBARA LEIGH...

A GAL WHO WAS ALWAYS GETTING MARRIED FOR MONEY... HER MONEY!



RALPH FAIN...

THERE WERE PLENTY OF BATS IN HIS BELFRY!

LOLA FAIN...



RALPH'S SISTER, WHO WANTED TO KEEP HIM OUT OF THE CUCKOO HATCH!

I WAS JUST DICTATING SOME IMPORTANT BUSINESS MATTERS TO MY SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON, WHEN THE PHONE RANG!



WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL YOU? JUST SIT TIGHT IN YOUR OFFICE! I'LL BE THERE IN FIVE MINUTES!





# KEN SHANNON



I NEVER LET ANY MAN WALK OUT ON ME LIKE THIS! IT'S BAD FOR MY MORALE! I'M GOING WITH YOU!

I'M SORRY, HONEY! BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE!



THAT WAS DR. CHARLES ROSS... THE SOCIETY PSYCHIATRIST! THAT GUY TALKS DOUGH IN LARGE ROUND FIGURES! HE OFFERED ME A THOUSAND BUCKS TO PLAY BODYGUARD FOR A WEEK... STARTING NOW!

WHEW!



DID HE OFFER TO PAY YOUR HOSPITAL BILLS WHEN YOU CRACK UP GOING EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR! SLOW DOWN, KEN!

HE SOUNDED WORRIED, DEE DEE! AND I TRY NEVER TO DISAPPOINT A GOOD PAYING CLIENT!

MADE IT TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN LESS THAN NOTHING FLAT! BUT SOMEBODY ELSE MOVED EVEN FASTER THAN I DID!



HELLO, DOC! KEN SHANNON REPORTING FOR DUTY!

KEN! SOMETHING'S WRONG! HE'S SO STIFF...



CORRECTION, HONEY! HE'S NOT SO STIFF! HE'S A STIFF!

EEEEEE!



WHEN I GOT DEE DEE REASONABLY QUIET AGAIN, I BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND THE LATE DR. ROSS' SWANK OFFICE!

HE WAS WRITING OUT THAT CHECK WHEN HE WAS M-MURDERED!

IT'S MADE OUT TO ME, HONEY! FOR A THOUSAND BUCKS! BUT HE NEVER LIVED TO SIGN IT!



JUST THE SAME, HE WAS MY CLIENT! NOW I'VE GOT A DOUBLE REASON FOR CATCHING HIS KILLER! THAT ~~LEE~~ NOT ONLY BUMPED OFF MY CLIENT! HE ALSO CHEATED ME OUT OF MY FEE!



THAT CANARY IS THE ONLY WITNESS! IF I COULD ONLY GET HIM TO TALK...

KEN! I... I HEAR SOMEBODY IN THE ANTEROOM!





STAY BACK! IT MAY BE THE KILLER RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!



REACH FOR THE CEILING! NO FUNNY STUFF, OR I'LL ---

LOLA! DON'T LET HIM HURT ME!



HOW DARE YOU FRIGHTEN MY BROTHER LIKE THIS? RALPH IS A PATIENT OF DR. ROSS! WHEN THE DOCTOR HEARS ABOUT THIS, HE'LL BE FURIOUS!

DR. ROSS WON'T BE MAD AT ANYBODY ANYMORE!



HE ISN'T ANYTHING... EXCEPT A CORPSE!

NO!

DEAD?



HEE-HEE! DR. ROSS IS DEAD! I TOLD HIM! I WARNED HIM WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE KEPT Prying INTO MY SECRETS!

HUH?



YOU WARNED DR. ROSS! WHAT ABOUT?

DEAD... DEAD LIKE LILIES, DEAD! HEE, HEE! I TOLD HIM, ALL RIGHT!



BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T, I DIDN'T, I DIDN'T!

SUFFERING CATNIP! HE'S HYSTERICAL!





I HATED TO DO IT, BUT I COULDN'T JUST STAND THERE AND LET FAIN POUND AWAY AT ME!



YOU BEAST! YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO HURT HIM!

NO MATTER WHAT SOME PEOPLE THINK, SISTER, I'M NO PUNCHING BAG!

LOLA FAIN LOOKED REAL PRETTY WHEN SHE WAS ANGRY! AND SHE WAS PLENTY ANGRY! SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN TO MY EXPLANATIONS!



SO YOU'RE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE? IF YOU WANT TO FIND THE REAL KILLER, WHY NOT GO SEE DR. ROSS'S EX-WIFE?

YOU THINK SHE DID IT?



THEY HATED EACH OTHER! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT! IF HALF THE STORIES ARE TRUE, SHE HAD REASON ENOUGH TO WISH HIM DEAD!

THANKS, MISS FAIN! I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE...AND PAY HER A VISIT!

The NEXT DAY I DID SOME RESEARCH ON DR. CHARLES ROSS AND HIS FORMER WIFE, THE HEIRESS BARBARA LEIGH! THEN I DROVE OUT TO HER ESTATE...



NOT A BAD LITTLE SHACK!

THE LEIGHS HAVE GOT A PRIVATE PRINTING PRESS, HONEY! THEY MAKE THEIR OWN MONEY WHENEVER THEY NEED IT!



WE WEREN'T WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF THE MAIN HOUSE WHEN ---

AHRRR!

KEN!

EEYOW!



THAT SON OF A DINOSAUR IS IN NO MOOD TO BE REASONABLE! HEAD BACK FOR THE FENCE! HURRY!

AHRRR!



I TOSSED DEE DEE OVER AHEAD OF ME! THEN I MADE LIKE A HIGH JUMPER, LEAVING PART OF MY...UH...DIGNITY BEHIND ME!

OWWW!



THAT CROSS BETWEEN A DOG AND AN ELEPHANT HAD BEEN TRAINED NOT TO GO OVER FENCES! DEE DEE AND I WERE STILL COLLECTING OUR SCATTERED WITS WHEN A COOL VOICE INTERRUPTED!

YOU SHOULD HAVE PAID MORE ATTENTION TO THE SIGN WHEN YOU TURNED INTO OUR PRIVATE ROAD! IT SAID, "KEEP OUT!"

IS THIS THE WAY YOU GREET ALL YOUR GUESTS, MISS LEIGH?



ONLY THE GUESTS I DON'T EXPECT! I'VE FOUND IT A VERY USEFUL WAY TO DIS-COURAGE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS, GOSSIP COLUMNISTS AND OTHER UNWELCOME INTRUDERS!

SOME NERVE! WE OUGHT TO SUE YOU!

I SHUSHED DEE DEE AND TURNED ON THE BOYISH CHARM FOR BARBARA LEIGH WHILE I EXPLAINED OUR REASON FOR DROPPING IN! SHE'D READ THE NEWSPAPERS BY THEN, AND WASN'T TOO UPSET!

TO TELL THE TRUTH, MR. SHANNON, I'VE BEEN RATHER EXPECTING THIS TO HAPPEN! CHARLES WAS A ROTTER YOU KNOW!

IS THAT WHY YOU LEFT HIM?



CHARLES WAS A HANDSOME MAN AND WOMEN GATHERED AROUND HIM LIKE FLIES! I KNEW THAT HE MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY! BUT I WASN'T GOING TO LET HIM FLAUNT HIS CONQUESTS IN MY FACE!

I SEE! IS THAT WHY YOU KILLED HIM?

IT WAS A SHOT IN THE DARK! BUT I DIDN'T MUSS THAT GAL'S COMPOSURE EVEN A LITTLE BIT!

WRONG GUESS, MR. SHANNON! I DIDN'T KILL HIM! NOW YOU'D BETTER GO...UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO TURN ROVER LOOSE AGAIN!

ER...WE'LL GO QUIETLY!

MIND YOU, MR. SHANNON, I HAD SUFFICIENT MOTIVE! BUT SO DID AT LEAST A HUNDRED OTHERS! AND I DO INCLUDE HIS PATIENTS!

'BYE NOW!







WHY SO  
THOUGHTFUL,  
KEN?  
I'M TURNING  
OVER THAT  
LAST REMARK  
OF BARBARA  
LEIGH'S! YOU  
KNOW, HONEY,  
SHE COULD BE  
RIGHT ABOUT THE  
DOCTOR'S PATIENTS  
BEING PRIME SUS-  
PECTS IN THIS  
CASE!



AFTER ALL DR. ROSS  
TREATED MOSTLY PEOPLE  
WHO WERE MENTALLY  
UNBALANCED IN ONE WAY  
OR ANOTHER! MAYBE ONE  
OF THEM TURNED OUT TO  
BE A HOMICIDAL MANIAC!

I GUESS ART  
CLYDE WOULD LET  
YOU LOOK THROUGH  
HIS MEDICAL  
CASE FILES!

I HAD  
SOME  
TROUBLE  
PERSUADING  
MY PAL,  
LIEUTENANT  
ART CLYDE  
OF HOMICIDE,  
BUT HE  
FINALLY  
RELENTED AND  
GRANTED ME  
FREE ACCESS  
TO THE  
DOCTOR'S CASE  
HISTORIES! BRRR! WHAT  
A COLLECTION  
OF LOONEYS  
WERE ON  
THAT  
LIST!



HERE'S RALPH FAIN'S RECORD!  
HE'S GOT ENOUGH PHOBIAS  
TO QUALIFY FOR A SUITE OF  
PADDED CELLS! HE'S EVEN  
SCARED TO DEATH OF  
BIRDS...



I HEARD THE FOOTSTEP TOO  
LATE! THAT GUY WALKED SO  
SOFTLY HE COULD HAVE BEEN A  
TRAPEZE ARTIST!

WHONK!



WHEN I WOKE UP, I STILL  
HEARD THE BIRDIE SINGING!  
STRANGELY ENOUGH, I WAS  
RIGHT!

THE BLASTED  
CANARY! WHAT'S  
HE SO HAPPY  
ABOUT?

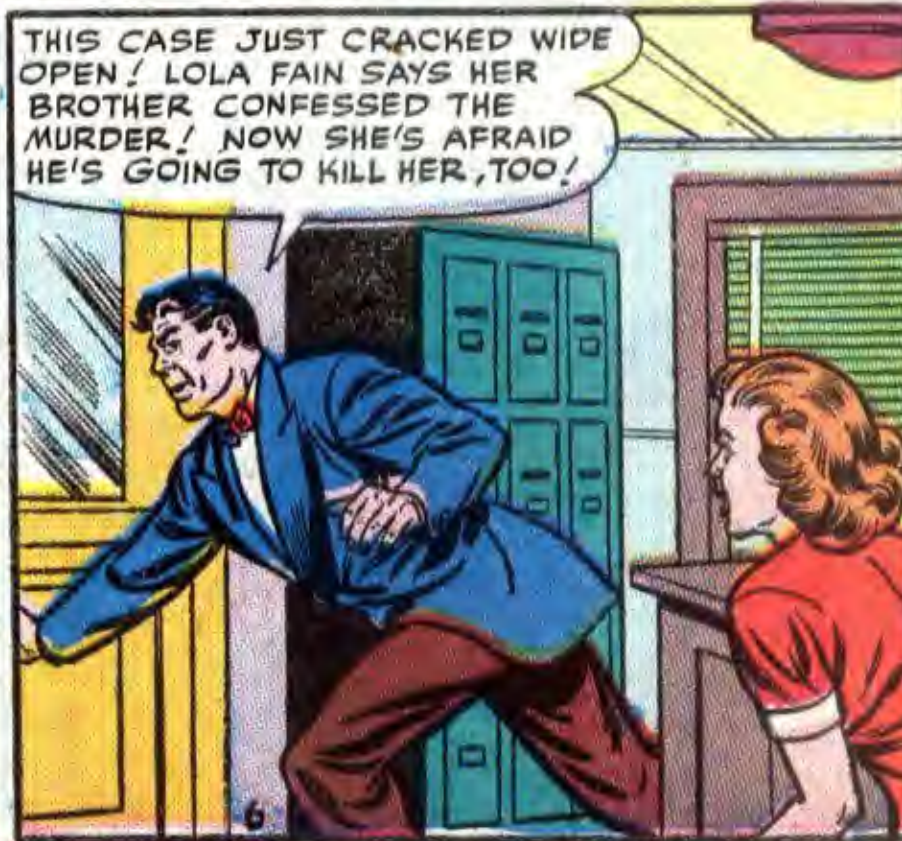


THE CASE HISTORIES ARE MISSING!  
THAT'S WHAT THE BOY BEHIND THE  
GUN WANTED! THE KILLER MUST  
BE SOMEONE LISTED IN THOSE  
MISSING FILES!

SO  
THERE I  
WAS, WITH  
THE MURDER  
NARROWED  
DOWN TO  
ONLY A  
HUNDRED  
LOGICAL  
SUSPECTS! AND  
LIEUTENANT  
ART CLYDE  
WAS MAD AT  
ME FOR  
LOSING  
VALUABLE  
EVIDENCE!  
I WAS FEELING  
PRETTY SOUR  
THAT AFTER-  
NOON IN MY  
OFFICE  
WHEN...



HELLO? OH YES, LOLA FAIN!  
...HUH? HE TOLD YOU HE DID  
IT? YOUR OWN BROTHER?



THIS CASE JUST CRACKED WIDE  
OPEN! LOLA FAIN SAYS HER  
BROTHER CONFESSED THE  
MURDER! NOW SHE'S AFRAID  
HE'S GOING TO KILL HER, TOO!



LOLA FAIN NEEDN'T HAVE WORRIED! BY THE TIME I GOT THERE, RALPH WAS STIFFENING WITH RIGOR MORTIS...



H-HE TOLD ME HE COULDN'T CARRY HIS GUILTY BURDEN ANY LONGER! SO H-HE TOOK POISON! THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO TO SAVE HIM!

NOT THAT YOU WANTED TO!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, MR. SHANNON?

DRY THOSE TEARS, HONEY! RALPH DIDN'T KILL DR. ROSS, AND YOU KNOW IT BETTER THAN ANYONE, BECAUSE YOU KILLED HIM!



Y-YOU MUST BE CRAZY!

WANT ME TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU? I'LL BET YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH DR. ROSS! THEN YOU FOUND OUT HE'D TAKEN UP WITH ANOTHER FLAME, SO YOU BUMPED HIM OFF! TRYING TO PUT THE BLAME ON RALPH WAS A CLUMSY TRICK!



YOU INTENDED TO SNEAK INTO DR. ROSS'S OFFICE AND STEAL RALPH'S CASE HISTORY FILE! THAT WOULD FASTEN SUSPICION ON HIM! BUT THEN YOU FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR MENTALLY DERANGED BROTHER THAT QUEERED YOUR WHOLE PLAN!



RALPH HAD A DEADLY FEAR OF BIRDS! DR. ROSS HAD TO REMOVE HIS PET CANARY WHENEVER RALPH CAME IN, OR RALPH WOULD HAVE BEEN PARALYZED WITH TERROR! BUT THAT CANARY WAS IN DR. ROSS'S OFFICE WHEN HE WAS KILLED!



YOU KILLED RALPH TOO! AND FAKED HIS CONFESSION TO SAVE YOURSELF! I'M ONLY SORRY YOU CAN'T SERVE TWO SENTENCES FOR MURDER!

OHHHH!

LOLA MUST HAVE GOTTEN THAT KNIFE OUT OF HER STOCKING! I SAW HER IN THE NICK OF TIME!



I HAD LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE WAITING OUTSIDE...

GOOD WORK, KEN! I'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE! SAY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?

I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS, ART!



I WAS JUST GETTING STARTED ON SOME MIGHTY INTERESTING DICTATION WITH MY SECRETARY WHEN THIS CASE INTERRUPTED ME! I SURE HOPE DEE DEE WILL STILL BE WAITING AT THE OFFICE!





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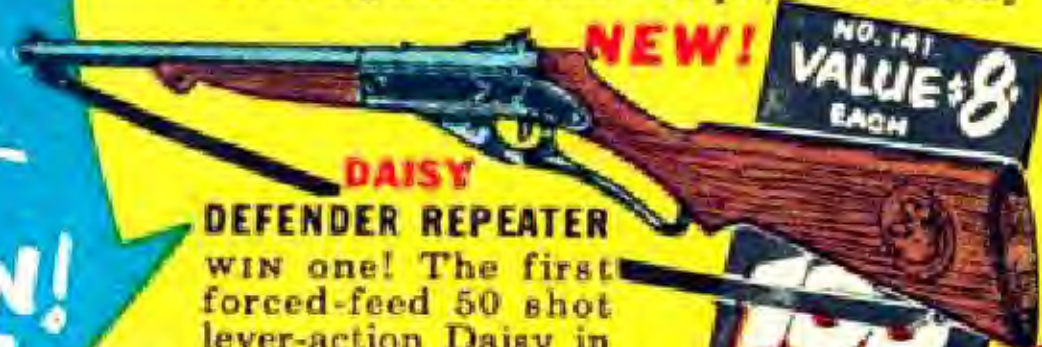
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